



Songs from the Heart

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Alice Adele Folger



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SONGS FROM THE HEART

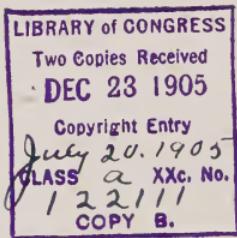
SONGS FROM THE HEART

BY
ALICE ADELE FOLGER
II

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE AUTHOR



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*To the dear ones
On earth below,
In heaven above,
These thoughts I owe.*

—A. A. F.

“They might not need me—
 Yet they might—
I’ll let my heart be
 Just in sight.”

“A smile so small
As mine, might be
Precisely their
Necessity.”

—EMILY DICKINSON.

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SONGS FROM THE HEART

'T is love that makes the world go round
Forever and a day;
There's love enough, if only found,
To satisfy for aye.

Of love there are so many kinds,
That each may have her own,
E'en from the poor and humble minds
To the queen upon her throne.



THE VALENTINE

My love is a red, red rose,
 Beyond compare,
For she is the queen
 In a garden rare.—
 My rose.

Violets blue
Like thy dear eyes,—
 In their clear depths
What love there lies!
If love of thine were only mine
Would I then be thy valentine?

As we travel our onward way,
Tho' the journey be but a day;
We may fill our lives with sweetest things,
If we but drink from the purest springs.

MY BELOVED

There's a song in the heart,
There's a song in the air,
Tremulous, sweet,
List! it is near.

The song in the heart
Rises swift as a prayer,
Joyous, complete—
My beloved is here.



WHITHER AWAY?

Whither away, little bird?
'T is a joyous day.
Nor thought, nor word
Can picture thy happy flight.

With wing so true, little bird!
The sky so blue,
The earth thou 'lt gird
'Till falls the curtain of night.

To realms afar, little bird!
To yon bright star,
'T is a flight we've heard
Where faith will be turned to sight.



DEWY LILACS

Fair harbingers of summer days!
Evoking song and poets' praise,
The dewy freshness of the morn
On leaf and bud just newly born.

Thy verdant fragrance fills the air
Called into life with loving care,
Exquisite tints of rarest hue,
Luscious sweetness, bathed in dew.

FRIENDSHIP

How is it formed, how doth it grow?
This sweet living thing!
What to subtle thought doth it owe?
Thoughts from the æons long ago,
That from the heart spring.

How doth it live and blossom, too?
Through sun and through shade,
What of the sweet, refreshing dew
Of loving deeds? that souls renew,
Mem'ries that ne'er fade.

Rare the fragrance of this flower
Born to bloom unseen,
Stealing o'er the soul with power,
Making even the darkest hour,
One of joy, I ween.

THE OLD STORY

'T is a story that's old,
I've neither fame nor gold
With which to make amends;
I give thee all—my heart,
I could not give a part
And be worthy my friends.

SAILING

Far away
Are my thoughts to-day;
Far away,
Thinking of thee
On a boundless sea,—
Thinking of thee;
Sailing again
The trackless main,—
Sailing again;
But coming home
To claim thine own,—
Coming home!



HOPE

Is it raining, little flower ?
The sun will shine after the shower.

Are tears falling, weary-hearted ?
Hope and love have never parted.

GOLDEN HEART

Sweet memories cluster round
This little golden heart,
A magic talisman, I found
The little golden heart.

Loving friendship was the key
For this golden heart,
That traveled far across the sea
To open a golden heart.



WILD ROSE

Fair as Aurora,—dawn of day—
The blush on thy leaves,
Wild rose!

Sweet as the morn of this glad May
The mystic spell weaves,
Wild rose!

The hedgerow filled with thy soft bloom
For all who pass by,
Wild rose!
Sings its sweet song to hearts in tune,
With never a sigh,
Wild rose!



Just to be living!
To feel soft winds blow;
And hear the birds' low
Sweet notes, joy giving.

But, to be giving
Love without alloy!
—With love, care is joy,—
Ah! that is living!

Dark and lone, deep down in the earth,
A tiny seed there lay,
The sun's warm rays gave it birth,
And a lily bloomed one day.

A little thought lay buried deep
In a weary-worn soul.
The sun of love woke it from sleep
To a beauty rare and whole.

TO THE AUTHOR OF “CASTLE DEL
MONTE”

A kindly deed
Like a precious seed,
If sown in fertile soil;
Returns to one,
With new life begun,
As “lilies without toil.”



HOMEWARD BOUND

The sky was blue
And the ocean too,
All on a summer day.

The ships set sail
With no fear of gale
Once on a summer day.

As homeward bound
With treasure found
They came on a summer day.

INNER VOICES

In the long silent night,
In the noonday glare, bright,
In the evening twilight
 Speak the Inner Voices.

Forward go! the refrain,
Work with thy might and main
Till the goal thou dost gain;
 Speak the Inner Voices.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE

Knew ye e'er the garden of love
Where thyme and rosemary grow?

Knew ye e'er that garlands are wove
Of sorrows and needless woe?

Know ye then! that woe's but a dream,
And joy is the soul of true love,

Roses are always what they seem;—
A blessing sent down from above.

To MRS. E. R. PIERCE,

The Rose Painter.

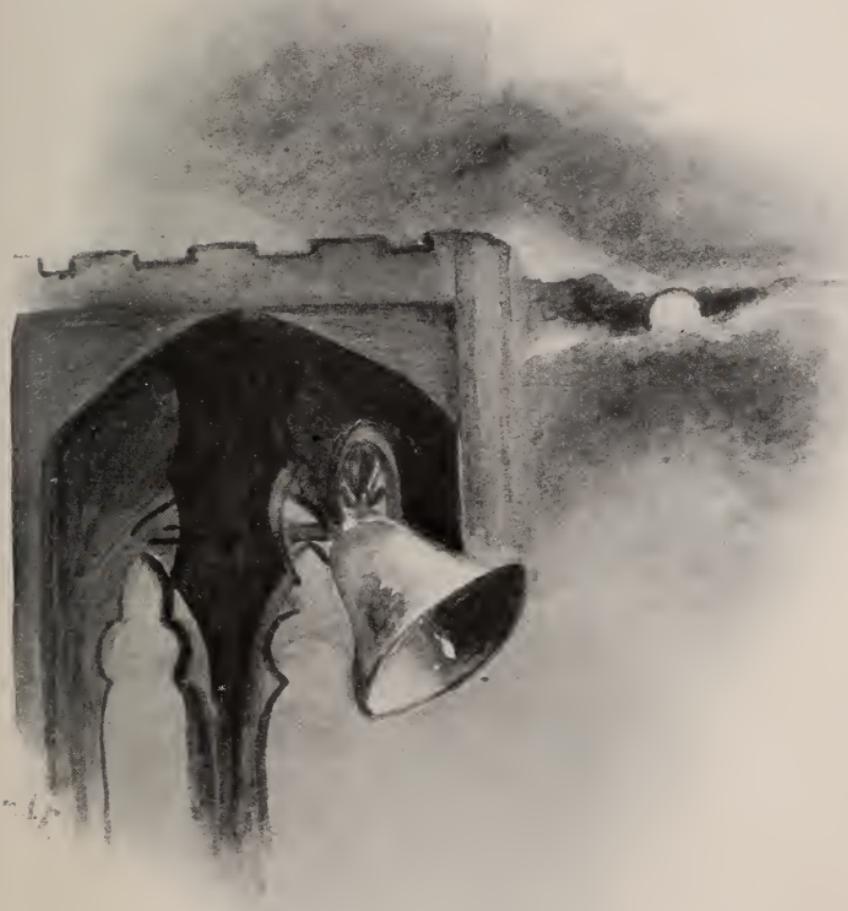
THE WATCHER

Midnight bells are calling,
Dews are gently falling;
My love's asleep.

Winds are softly sighing,
Peals of bells are dying;
My love's asleep.

Watch o'er her I'm keeping,
Pulses wildly beating;
My love's asleep.

Birds are blithely singing,
Hope and promise bringing;
My love's awake.



THE SEASONS

Blossoms sweet on all the trees,
Verdure many tints of green,
Fragrance wafted on the breeze,
'T is "bride of the spring," I ween.

Fruit follows blossoms ere long,
Richer, deeper are the hues,
Fuller, happier the birds' song;
Falling are the summer dews.

Multi-colored leaves appear,
Glory resting like a crown
On the labors of the year,
Autumn queen upon her throne

Covered now with mantle white
Robbed of blossoms sweet and fair,
Winter rules through starry night,
Queen indeed, beyond compare.



LIFE

To see, to feel, to think,
To live in house of clay,
To stand upon the brink
And watch the close of day;—
Is that all?

To speed on wings of light,
To leave the cumbrous clay,
To know with sure delight
The soul's true realm for aye;
That is all.

To AUNT ELIZABETH.

THE BETTER WAY

From out the hush of early grey,
From out the wind-blown mists,
There came a glorious day!
A glorious day.

From out the sorrow of delay,
From out the pain and tears,
There came a better way!
A better way.



AT EVENING

I walked in the garden at close of day,
Cool and quiet the hour,
But the flowers drooped, and withered were
they,
For the sun had shone with resistless ray,
And all save one had felt his power,
A scarlet poppy gay.

ENVOI.

Tho' hearts may be burned with love's fierce
flame,
The soul of true love remains the same.

THE STAR

Star in the Orient sky,
Leading wise men from afar,
Whose hearts continually cry
“Show us the Prince, Oh Star!”

Star o'er Judea's plain,
While shepherds watch by night,
Singing again the refrain,
“Show us the King in His might.”

Star o'er the manger bending,
The Babe and mother sweet,
Wise men and shepherds attending,
Laying rich gifts at His feet.

SYMPATHY

Could a word of mine soothe a heart that's
sore,

And banish e'en the thoughts that pain,
'Twould be a dream most fair, aye more,
'Twould set the seal of comrades true
Lifting to heights from whence we gain
Of life, the best and truest view.

But words alone cannot suffice,
As messengers of cheer, ah me!
Nor any act of love's device,
But only as the soul reads soul,
Have we given to us to see
That which makes of life, the whole.



There's a heavenly sweetness in the air,
A respite from toil and care.
It is His gracious presence.

There's a joyous singing among the birds,
Sweetest music without words.
'T is Nature's Hallelujah.



SOLITUDE

Silent, serene the night,
The stars are brightly shining;
O'er sea the moon's soft light
A pathway clear defining.

Oh path of light lead on!
The way of truth revealing;
The goal is barred to none
Whose vision faith is healing.

AFTER-GLOW

As setting sun at close of day
Shines with splendor upon the earth,
Glorifying the common clay,
Enriching things of little worth;—
So a true life begun below
When spent in deeds of loving cheer,
Leaves a beauty of after-glow,
A radiance from year to year.

In the silent watches of the night, Sweetheart!
I commune with thee,
Dwelling apart on the dreamy heights
Beyond a troubrous sea.

In the quiet hours of morning light, Dear
heart!
I but think of thee;
Guarded and kept by the love and might
Out of eternity.

It is not upon sadness
The heart loves to dwell,
But rather upon gladness
The tongue tries to tell.



A.A.F.

When dark'ning clouds lower
And hushed is the robin's song;
'T is but a passing shower,
'T will not be dark for long.

Day is sinking into rest,
The sun with glory fills the west,—
For weary ones, home is best.



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